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THE ELECTRIC LIGHT PROBLEM.

2:00 a VEAR.



He howell his head and reverently, in language He Chanked our great Creator for the blessings

"My children, it becomes each one his blessing to expanded and took the form of the old Man Therefore let each one here thank him for this lad playing in his native fields with the l The minggiving treat,

For all the favors to has shown, and these good. The past and present mingled in his dress

And thanked our Heavenly Pather great that he There is no natural sequence of time or y find blessed them or.

For all the ghod things, and their bears to them

girl and at once found himself in a march

And they be spoke, his bead bowed down, while "I failt thee for the turkey and the great big effected piet.

I fault then for the other floor"-at this pres-He planed, and then—teny, remain, please, print control effects.

THE "FAULTED LODE." HOW THANKSONING DAY MADE A MUSIC

"A plearny Thankegiving-gloomy for a Fuch was the unitered and moody selfloquy of Arithm Eddwin, as he sat in his rude cabin on McClohan mountain, Colo., one evening in late Kovember, 1973. Outside the rain, which had been pouring all day, was camping to sleet, and occasionally a gust of wind rattled the toy scales against the little window. The heavy mist which flils there high valleys during an autumnal fain made nis rittle voem so dark that the sputfering pine wood fire on the hearth created wavering shadows over the log walls. He looked at the gloomy sky without, at the smoked logs and rafters of his cabin, and then at a letter in his hand, the envelope of

sadly again at the lowering sky and mur-juared, "It is indeed, a gloomy Thanksgiv gulch, as the miners call that branch o Clear Creek canyon; the mist floated away and the air rapidly grow clearer and much colder. Winter had begun, Already the snow covered the summit of McCl /lan mounof Georgetown was wrapped in a swirling white cloud. Yet the lonely man only gazed



A GLOOMY THANKSGIVING. mured, "Gloomy, gloomy, indeed-not like

and schemed and planned. As a mere boy he had served in the war for the Union, and rather than go on in mining ventures. The the midsummer of 1865 found him with he lith impaired and symptoms painfully like those which pressige consumption. He joined the great army which moved west in the year following the war, and the last days of 1873.

The fittle school making ventures. The little school making was scon made glad; teart no longer blur the distant posturate, and Arthur Ealdwin and his wife date their happiness from the gloomy Thankagiving day of 1873.

1805 saw him a miner in the rich silver region of Clear Creek, Colo. Then began that struggle which so many miners and prospec-tors make with fortune. First he worked in HOW THE NORWICH, CONN., BOYS the developed mines, then "prospected and located" for himself till his scant means were Catallayer. Collected in the second means were expected and graph following. Did not first property flame. Celety flow of the second for so believing. Did not first property flame. Celety flow of the second for so believing. Did not first property flame. Celety flow of the second for so believing. Did not first property flame. Celety flow of the second for so believing. Did not first property flame of the sign of the second for so believing. Did not first property flower for so believing. Did not first property flower for so believing. Did not first property flower flow exhausted and again tolled as a wage carner.

good health and to promise early success, toturn and the consummation of their hores. But now the waiting land done its work; the aperseription on the letter from Ohio vaoo often stained with a tear, and the Geerre town posemnrk no longer excited fresh is a the breast of the little rebookma'am on bunks of the Miami. Time and disappo ment were wearing out the hearts of youth; and so this Thanksgiving evening Arthur Daldwin gazed on the letter that day received and sighed.

Weariness at length prevailed over melan-And when the simple prayer was done, thus the slept—and dreamed. The walls of the log calin home, then faded away, and he was again a until it came to little Bob, the smallest of the column of blue. Then followed the bivours the parade, the dispersion to quarters, tatte



and taps, and he folded himself in his blanket,

which bore an Ohio pestmark and a direcing shaft -a hundred and twenty feet deepand every foot of the rocky wall represented many days of toll, many bours of leartach It all seemed to press upon him in his dreamand left where they bad "drifted" in scarol-of the "faulted lods," But now appared one of the wildest phenomena of dreams-the rocky face of the shaft, the "hanging wool But what was this? The lost lode was found He sank down, down through many fathous between two well defined walls, and one sides were great seams of the richest ore-th dark sulphuret, the blue acurite, bright points of silver glance and bits of ruby-wealth beyould the dreams of avertice.

Joy filled the dreamer's breast; he stiered in his chair and stretched out pager mail

Suddenly there was an awful change. The narrow crevice above him grew bizek; the solid wails trembled, heaved, and with a him to atoms. He sprang from the floor where he had fallen with the terror in his heart and cold drops on this trembling flesh. There had been an explosion, indeed, and he saw the smoke issuing from the shaft near

day by letting off a big blest in the "breat" of the mine; their bere had been fortunately tinuance of the lode. The "fault" was, after all a slight one, only they had not yet "pros-The wondrous wealth of his dream was not

the old days on the blue Miami."

For eight years Arthur Baldwin had toiled

NO END OF FUN.



speedy reunion; and through all the weary ger coming into this town at this season of rapid to last long, and it is ger coming into this town at this season of the year to see barrels rolling off in every dinardly two minutes after than and stand citizens aking named to be barrels rolling of the company of the year to see barrels rolling of the company of the year to see barrels rolling of the company of the year to see barrels rolling of the rection, and staid citizens skipping nimbly and good humoredly out of the way of the

> Perhaps he is curious enough to try and flad out. But the Norwich boy is up to sna".
> "Say, sonny," the stranger asks, "what's up? Where are you going with all these

And the boy replies, innecently:
[Nothin's up, mister. The barrel donit bling to nobody nor nothin'. Found it lobse up the street and run it in. San there, Jimmy, give her a lift. Let her go, Gal-And with a whoon the whole company are off, kicking the whirling things swiftly into the darkness of a side street.

These youngsters are systematic. from the opening of the campaign to its finish by thorough discipline and organization brigades, and each force is duly empowered to look after the barrels in its own precinct, and an unwritten law that is at least 2:0 territory not assigned to them. The largest squads are thus placed; One at Bean Hill, land, whose grandfather was a barrel territer; one at Norwich Town, two at the Falls, two at the West Side, one at Jail Hill, in the center of the city, one at Laurel Hill, about in the suburbs. Each band has a hiding place for its collection, called the "Home Base," and to each is assigned the

The cuttom of burning bonfires on Thanksgiving night is peculiar to this town, and its origin is lost in the obscurity of early colonial stripped off his cont and dared the big man to fight. Many attempts have been made by local antiquarians to trace the custom to its scurce, but valuely; the only plausible explanation essays to compet it with a prac-tice that provided in the hill towns of the Messalinsetts colony of burning bash fires early in November to celebrate the miscarriage of the Guy Fawkes gunpowder plot. It was suspected that as Thanksgiving was appointed at that period at about Nov. 5 the custom attached itself to Thanksgiving, after its orlainal intent was lost, and that it was imported into this town by the first settlers a

little after the middle of the Seventeenth cen-But the Massachusetts rite differs importantly from the Norwich spirit in that brush was burned instead of barrel stacks. There is nothing unique about brush bonfires, which were common among the ancient Britons and Scots, but a barrel fire is an elaborate and startling creation, a product of

the pole about which the barrels are to be strong like giant beads, and this usually is cut and peeled a few days before the forthcoming ceremony. A slim, straight hickory, free from knots, and not less than fifty or sixty feet high is selected in the for-est, and, after it has been trimmed and dethe heels of a dozen sturdy boys. On Thanksgiving day morning it is drawn to the spex of the hill on which it is to do duty, whereon teores of citizens have gathered to lend a hand in creeting the staff or furnish the nec-

essary advisory remarks to the workers. pole, and then comes the hard and delicat, task of lifting it into the dug hole which has already been prepared for it. With long reper and steadying guys, and a hundred eager limits to help, the great hollow stack goes slowly up, the barrels creaking and rum-bling lossely about its staff, and the pole is left awaying threateningly at the toiling pigmies at its base. At last it reaches the balancing point, slips easily into the cavity with a heavy mulled "kerplump," and the worst of the struggle is over. The loose cart's PULASKI, TENN., THURSDAY, NOVEBMER 29, 1888.

about the rim of the hole is sheveled, in and temped solidly down, and the boys and spectators walk off six reds and inspect the structure. Next caus of kerdeene are emptted over the bettom barrels; chavings, saturated with oil, are piled inside; a few part ng pais and shules bring refractory barrels into position, and make the funnel straight and symmetrical, and then everything is ready for the evening fam.

The boys, with mouths wide open, kept their yes upon the tray.

As if the turkey on it would stread wings and the turkey on it would stread wings and the what is the clark at up quite straight, their digning in hand, and the turkey on it would stread wings and the turkey on it would stream the beginning thand, and the turkey on it would stream the beginning thand, and the turkey on it would stream the boys a reptiment of the turk of t procession. He cannot account for the phe-



baruing, though it is short lived, is the undiluted essence of intexicating sport.

The Norwich girl, have a timilar though
tamer hind of sport with which to taper off
the day's pleasures. As fashion forbids them
to roll barrels and burn stacks, they collect
spools instead, which they string on wires,
arranging them in fanciful designs, squerys,
circles, pyramids and names, saturate the
creations with oil or trapegiting, subjected to house of the header of the band and burn
though unpretentions bondire.

It's great, isn't it! Gratiende for Muterial Benefits.

Thanksgiving differs than our great church festivals, the that it expresses our gratitude for the ordinary material benefits which God showers upon us. Of these our hill on which the stacks are to be burned.

The preliminary arrangements completed, the boys go to work with a will to get their barrels tagether.

Suppose they had to do this. How they would grow!

tradition. It was old when Benedict Arnold was a boy, and into the sport he entered with characteristic impatuosity and willfulness. It is mentioned in the first chronicles of Nerwich; and Miss Canichas, a local historian describes a fiery encounter by wen benedict and a solema crastable who undertook to reb into of his borrel, in which Arnold stripped off his cout and dared the highest and a solema or and dared the highest and a solemator who independently and a few potatoes and a loaf of bread to go with it, why, sir, I wouldn't say anything about our being four months "There, sir," said the philanthropist, as he say anything about our being four months back in the rent nor how much good 50 coats in cash would have dozie us."



giving Sevila.

Second Turkey (of mature experience)

Yes, but I tremble when I think of the Christman Charybdis.

Boys, think of it. Think of hunting hunting for days together, for barrels. Think of the work, and it takes work. But then, it's great fan, you say,

To make a lofty and successful barrel bon-five demands native tact, talent and constructive abilities. The first thing to do is to get the pole about which the barrels are to be

Eersons for Thankfulness.

It is time for devout thanksgiving; because the world is ra worse than it is, and many future is on bright, because the joy and path, are it is an order to be an are it is and many are it is an order to be a successful barrel bon-five demands native tact, talent and constructive abilities. The first thing to do is to get the pole about which the barrels are to be



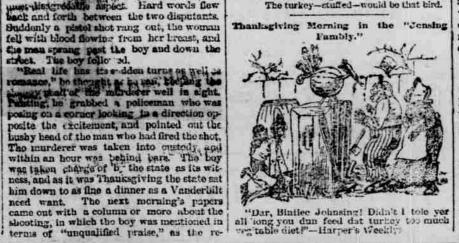
Thanksgiving is a day peculiar in the year and graced with the leveliest aspecialism. Hospitality, the reunion of family and friends, the good cheer, the kind thoughts of

HAIL, THANKSGIVING DAY.



porters always say. He was a boy in a Thanksgiving story at last, and in one suffi-ciently sensational to make him the envy of





THE MORN AND EVE OF LIFE.

The control form of the below is a desired of the property of the control form of the below is a desired of the property of the below is a desired of the property of the below is a desired of the belo

RUTH'S CHOICE.

General ISURANCE A(ROBINSON PREDICT.

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